UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Life More Abundant

By ZONA GALE

From Mongolia to Russia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XVI and XVII

By M. K. GANDHI

Suppose Germany Ruled England

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C | MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1928 | NUMBER 18

JUDGE SEWALL WALKS AGAIN

I was pledged to justice
Yet when all around were torn by fear
I yielded to the clamor—
Gave my class, my rank
Allegiance when, God knows,
Judgment belongs to him and truth.

In justice's name
I helped to make the court unfair,
Cruel beyond our laggard times.
Suspicion damned—
A woman charged with witchcraft
Became to us a demon
And our human robes withdrawn
We judged her as a thing apart.

Repentance?
Yea, I stood in church
And made confession,
Desired to bear "the blame and shame"
And prayed that God's benignity
Would visit not my sin upon our Land.

Tonight I cannot rest.
Confession could not wipe my sin
away—
My faithlessness still lives
Each act of justice makes it less—
I share in every arrant frowardness.
I pray my children of this later day
May look before upon their deeds—
Repent by doing righteousness.

FRANK A. MANNY.

The Pope of Rome, in his Christmas message, was much concerned about the persecutions being visited upon his church in Russia, Mexico, and China. Of course, it is *his* testimony that the religious events going forward in these countries constitute "persecutions." But we will not quibble over this point at this time, as we have another point in mind. This is the Pope's query, on the basis of his complaint, as to how the world can allow such things to go on. His Holiness wants to know why mankind does not rise up and stop these "persecutions" of Roman Catholics. It's an interesting question, and since the Vicar of Christ, for all his intimacy with heaven and heaven's God, doesn't know the answer, we will tell him. First, of course, there is the fact that the world is not satisfied that Catholics are actually being persecuted in Russia, Mexico, and China. But we waive this point, as we have said. Secondly, granted for the sake of the argument that persecutions are going on, we surmise that the world is not much disturbed for the reason that it sees the church getting just about what is coming to it! Rome has done some first-class persecuting herself in her day. Memories of the Inquisition and later horrors are not yet erased from the tablets of men's minds. Today, where Rome has power, she seems strangely prone to fall back into her old habits of rack and thumb-screw. So, if there's any persecuting going on in the world, the Roman church seems to the average man to be a peculiarly appropriate victim. It helps to keep the balances of justice even. Thirdly, the world is not excited about this business of alleged persecution, because it sees other things to get excited about, and among these are the conditions of ignorance, superstition and corruption flourishing in these very countries where the Roman church has been a potent influence for so many years. What has the Papacy got to boast about in Mexico, for example? What has the Roman church ever done in that country to deserve protection now? What has it not done to deserve hostility, hatred and suppression? Every intelligent man knows today that one of the worst influences in Mexico during the last three centuries is Roman Catholicism, and that the ending of this influence is a first condition of liberty and enlightenment. And as with Mexico, so also with Russia and China! It is high time that the Pope learned some things about his own church. Now that he has raised the question himself, we have taken pleasure in giving him this information.

Poor old Republican machine! How it does creak and groan! And how the engineers do scamper about and smash their thumbs and swear. Mr. Coolidge helps them out of a fatal blunder which they would dearly love to make. Then they plunge into another. They would give their birthright for another Harding, unconscious of the disaster which the original brought upon them. It would be as much as any statesman's reputation is worth to be sponsored by them. Mr.

Hughes cannot bear the thought. President Coolidge seems to have had enough of it. It is the saving of Mr. Hoover's reputation that he is manifestly undesired by them. The desirability of his selection as the candidate in 1928 is so obvious as to be the commonest desire upon the streets of American towns and cities, but the idea seems not to have occurred to the alleged minds of most machine politicians. They want to win, of course, but they want to win behind their own man. They seem to feel so secure in their hold that they would put forward another Harding if they could find him. To be compelled to accept Hoover will give them a pain only less poignant than certain and ignominious defeat. Yet, as heretofore remarked in these pages, they are wise in their day and generation. The only question is, Does the present continue to be their day and generation? The increasing certainty that Governor Smith will be the Democratic presidential candidate does not reduce their befuddlement. His acceptance by the opposition means that the Republicans must openly or at least suppositiously espouse the dry cause. They have dearly hoped that the Prohibition issue might be kept out of the coming campaign. They do not wish any issue injected which calls for straightforward thinking and voting. They wish to be safely on both sides of every question except that of holding all possible offices and patronage. They are with both hands and feet, hide and hair, body and boots, on one side of that question. A statesman who will in office magnify the functions of unashamed and efficient service is the last man they are hunting for. It will be terrible if they have to take one at last!

Last week we waxed cheerful as we recounted the news of the return of the Freeman boy, by court order, to his parents, and of the victory of the Negroes in Gary, Indiana, over the segregation movement in that town. This week our cheer waxes to full-moon proportions as we record the outcome of the free-speech fight at the University of West Virginia. It will be remembered that Mr. Kirby Page, editor of the *World Tomorrow,* and a well-known pacifist, was invited to speak at the University under the auspices of the cabinet of the student Y. W. C. A. The Military Department of the University immediately began to organize opposition to the address. Student officers of the Reserve Officers Training Corps easily enlisted the support of those twin demons of darkness, the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Added to these, by a beautiful appropriateness, was the Ku Klux Klan. When a committee of local citizens representing these three societies called upon President Trotter of the University, and presented a demand that Kirby Page be denied opportunity to speak, the President bent obediently his chocolate-eclair backbone and ordered the meeting cancelled. This announcement created resentment among certain members of the faculty and a small portion of the student body. Professor Deahl, of the Department of Education, declared boldly that the University was disgraced by this denial of free speech on the campus. A local paper, the *New Dominion,* took up the fight and vigorously assailed the President for his intolerance. To this Dr. Trotter replied that no speaker who was opposed by the Military Department, the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution would be allowed to address the students in University buildings. What happened after this, we do not know. Evidently a brave fight was kept up by stalwart Americans of the old tradition. For now comes the grand and glorious news, as officially announced by the American Civil Liberties Union, that "the controversy which ensued resulted in President Trotter's resignation." This is a cruel world, and many events therein we regret. But—*are we downhearted?* NO!!

We hope that the Remus acquittal is still fresh in the minds of our readers, for this travesty on justice strikes us as one of the happenings of the hour which should not be easily forgotten. The whole affair may well take its place in contemporary history as the climax of a series of trials marking pretty near a collapse of our judicial method of handling crime. Why should anybody any longer hesitate to commit murder, if this sort of entertainment suits his fancy or convenience, with such notice thus impressively given that one may kill in this country not only with impunity but actually with praise and honor and glory? This man, Remus, was and is a shady character. He has already been behind the bars for serious offenses. He plotted the slaying of his wife with deliberation, and carried it out with fury. In defense, he blackened wantonly his unhappy victim's character, and by unbridled displays of personal temper turned the court into a vaudeville theatre. The judge, charged with maintaining the dignity of the law, allowed Remus's wild performance to go on practically unchecked, to the vast outrage of every sense of decency and honor. A jury, profoundly impressed by the defendant's stagey stunts, brought in a verdict of acquittal because insane, proudly stated that they would have granted full acquittal had the judge's charge permitted, and unanimously petitioned that the poor murderer be released from prison, pending inquiry into his present mental state, that the dear man might spend his holidays at home. Wild enthusiasm in the court when the verdict was announced, and cheers for Remus! This, as Remus exclaimed in quite another spirit, *this* is American justice! And we wonder that we have so much crime in this country, and that our murder rate is one which would disgrace

a tribe of cannibals on a south-sea island. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, we have simply got to arrange to get arrested and fined for "contempt of court," else we shall "bust" from excess of indignation and disgust.

Some hundred million Americans gasped for breath along with thirty or forty brave young fellows who lay beneath a hundred feet of salt-water of Cape Cod just before Christmas. And when these millions finally drew breath in utter loss of hope, sentiments welled up which the big navy men in Washington have not found it pleasant to know. Secretary Wilbur is already busy "explaining" and showing why widespread criticsim of naval methods and programs are not justified. He probably will be busy for some time to come. If the big navy men had deliberately planned the terrible catastrophe in the loss of the S-4 off Provincetown, they could not have more effectually demonstrated their now well recognized capacity for muddling. The ghastly poem composed by a member of the ill-fated crew, and widely published as he with his fellows lay dead in their steel tomb, does not too accurately describe the monstrous craft which carried them to their doom. It will be too bad if, after those harrowing days of futile anguish, the American people do not do some sober thinking. What is this thing which brought these splendid young Americans to their horrible death? An instrument of malignant destruction! That, and only that. It is refined mechanical science dedicated to the cruel art of doing the assumed "enemy" of other nations just what outrageous muddling and bureaucracy have now done to these splendid young Americans. Afloat or in the plunge it was meant to kill, and *only* to kill. And it *has* killed! Even the doddering admirals and secretaries in Washington are shocked to have it execute its fell mission upon those whom they had commissioned to do the killing to others. And none of us may calm our own sense of shock by scorning the admirals and secretaries. We ourselves have done this horrible thing. Those doddering spinners of red tape, those zealots for investigations after the damage is done, could not survive in their malignant power for a minute, if their program were not our program, and if we were not still complacently committed to schemes which build and send out into the deep these monstrosities of destruction.

The "effectual" fervent prayer of several millions of radio fans did not avail much to rescue the young American sailors done to their death in the S-4. That prayer left little needful in fervor, one may be sure. When the call went out on the radio air-ways for universal petition for the saving of the brave fellows, there doubtless was little short of universal response. Three score thousands of prize-fight fans, assembled last May in a vast arena in New York, were hushed for a moment in a similar call in aid of a brave American lad winging his way along untracked lanes of the same deep. In that case the youth ere long made a safe landing on the flying field near Paris. If the deity appealed to by these petitions appears to show some partiality, it is nevertheless clear that he is capable of some discrimination. In the latter case, the divine dispensation sought had the support of one of the clearest brains and as alert a scientific sense as the generation affords, careful of the smallest detail in preparing for the adventure and watchful of the play of every natural law. In the other case, some thirty or forty equally brave youths were the victims of bureaucratic senility and malignant determination to continue a system of brutality which has thoroughly outraged the sensibilities of mankind. What God may appear to lack in compassion in these cases, he would seem fully to make up in intelligence. He doubtless is no more lacking in the quality of mercy than are any of his worshippers, but there are degrees of blundering and malignity for which he cannot so far affront intelligence as to atone. Even in our mob anguish we ought to share his intelligence. It was no act of God which struck down those fine fellows in the submarine. Since all is over it must be left to the bureaucratic courts of inquiry, which will doubtless palaver indefinitely, to say what and why this thing was. Happily religion still has resources to move the individual and the mass to surging sentiments of compassion; some divine impulse will some day keep us from becoming ridiculous, and fill us with the wrath to stop this thing.

Life More Abundant

At the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, there is a patio where lunch is served, a place of light and air, of orange trees and parrots, of a fountain and from one of the balconies above harp music. Carved in the stone of the wall above the heads of the people one reads:

Where there is no vision the people perish.

On a warm April day, when the patio was crowded, a man came to the Inn desk and asked for a table outside. He was brown, boisterous, heavy, with loose lips and evident eyes. When he was told that all the outside tables were engaged for an hour ahead he turned away with the disappointment of a little boy, sighed, and sat down in the inside dining-room.

One wonders what it was he had wanted and what it was that he missed. Dimly and doubtless without

the least idea of what he sought, he had been groping toward an hour of color and soft sound. Toward Another Air, almost another medium from that in which ordinarily he moved. Toward Beauty.

Picnickers, hikers, campers—it is true that they seek exercise, company, adventure, freedom. But more than all these they want that which they rarely have—another air, another medium from that of every day. One thing can give it to them: Beauty. An unpromising wayfarer will take the trouble to point you to a "view." This is not for the appeal to the eye, for he is not an artist and may not sense what he sees. But a "landscape" will give him a momentary new and better experience, and about it he will try to tell. And even if all that he can bring out is "Some sight-seeing!" you catch his realization of magic. Of a change. Of the approach to Beauty. On a summer Sunday afternoon the appalling confusion at the beaches yields the spectacle of the same quest. When one has counted out the curious, there remains the majority, glad of the idleness, of the liberty from clothing, the warm coolness of air and water, but above all of the difference. Of a sense of some gracious otherness, indefinable. Sometimes in a picture gallery they go down the line inarticulate, empty of definite impression but besieged by an experience which they do not know how to admit: the experience of beauty. A concert hall is starred with faces which know the something which lies beyond. That is what a park is for—to remind the people that beautiful things wait all the time for attention: shy, gentle, tender, all these faint messengers speak to us of some state other than our own. In them Beauty pricks through to hint at her reality.

All these intimations of beauty affect in the same way those who like them enough. *They induce a mood.* Camp, beach, gallery, concert, all alike induce in us a new mood. This mood is our personal experience of Beauty. And Beauty, save Love itself, is our closest approach to God.

Recall the sense of it. An autumn sunset of ochre, a spring sunrise of gray, a summer noon of clear cobalt. Recall a field of flowers, especially of strange flowers, and chanced upon abruptly. Even such a memory is in itself an experience. An experience of outflowing and inflowing, a correspondence between spirit within and a spirit without, which is exquisite, wistful, vast. No one ever faces beauty (in silence) without receiving a moment of such correspondence.

The spirit within and the spirit without, speaking. And according to the fineness of the observer, will this speech be faint or clear. This is an intense form of happiness. Often in such a moment one of us will try to become articulate. To either the memory or the imagination of such moments we owe much that is beautiful in art. Shelley's "flush of rose on peaks divine" and Wordsworth's inner eye and Milton's celestial light shining inward and countless cries in word or color or form or chord have been but the need to give a voice to this beauty and to its correspondence in the spirits of men and women.

Not only these, but every "right" action of the most commonplace person alive is an unconscious attempt to express beauty in his own living.

Now, these expressions are all a high form of prayer. Of deep within calling unto deep without. Keats and Schubert and Turner put it in one way. The psalmist put it: "Oh God, how manifold are thy blessings." The ordinary man or woman puts it "Create within me a clean heart." In every case a cry about beauty. But conscious or unconscious, a prayer. Prayer at its highest is precisely that: a flowing out of the spirit and a flowing in of essential beauty. Or call it a touching at the great dynamo of essential power. Or call it a momentary or sustained contact with God.

Consider, for example, a form of prayer used by many on first awakening when the night has washed the spirit clean and even the cells of brain and body are heightened. First a mere strong impulse to be briefly free of the body. Then a stronger impulse to transcend the mind. Then a desire to inhabit one's own spirit and to rise with it to one's own highest conception of God. A definite lift of being, toward God. Then the return, through spirit, through mind, to body—and the day begun thus permeated, stamped with the highest form of beauty that one knows. Through the day or before sleeping, whenever there is a moment when solitude can be entered or achieved, this same touch with the highest form of beauty that one knows. Here is a meeting place with God, not made with hands. In such ways every activity of the day becomes transfigured. The task, the friend, the stranger, all are sublimated—they glow with new light. This is literally true. It is hard to be critical, to be irritable, to be false when one has lately been stirred by the experience of beauty. Here then is every detail of one's routine to be flooded at will by a current of light and power, *and by a subtle happiness,* a happiness pervading and possessing.

In other words, there is something to do to life. There is a level of living to be reached which gives a joyousness and lightness and buoyancy experienced by the mass of mankind only in rare moments.

"Life more abundant."

The words have a familiar ring. We have said them over glibly in texts and heard them in sermons.

But is not the search for life more abundant, in this very sense of deeper inner perception, exactly what religion is?

The whole area of religious controversy may be lighted today by the understanding that human life is

really a rich and joyous thing which most human beings never discover it to be. That this that we turn to as the life of the spirit, which some controversialists have made into a pale ideal of asceticism and renunciation, is in reality a heightening of our usual powers of perception to include glorious things which life holds and holds now. The scientists tell us that we know only the margin of the possibilities of color and sound. Jesus told us that we know only the margin of the possibilities of all our common life.

And he showed us how to begin to learn about ourselves and about our relation to great and unsuspected conditions. He gave us the method of discovery of what we are—for which there is a technique just as definite as the technique in learning any other art.

His direction is simple, summed up as it is in love. Say, first in behaving toward everybody as we would behave if we did love them. This is the elementary course. Next actually to love one's neighbor, and thus the elementary course will become second nature. Love thus filling the heart, it begins to flow out and to meet the Silent Loveliness in love to God. After that one constantly tries for meeting places in beauty, beauty of experience, of conduct, of visualization. Tries to increase for all men the meeting places with God.

The idea that one was to do all this simply to save one's soul from torment was, of course, mere lack of imagination. One was to do this that one might be and give a life more abundant.

The idea that one was to "renounce and go gloomy" was still greater lack of imagination. One was to have, and give, life more abundant! No one who dances beautifully ever really regrets hop-scotch or thinks of himself as having renounced it.

Life more abundant. It is the prize for which in his own way everybody is seeking, or is wretched because he thinks that he has lost. There is in every human being that which happily gravitates toward another air, another medium of life. It is this, simply, which at its best religion tries to offer, for here, for now and forever.

A man's religion is his program for the enrichment of human life by bringing it into relation with essential beauty, essential love, essential vision of God.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

Beginning with this issue of UNITY, and regularly hereafter, *two* chapters of Gandhi's autobiography will appear *every other* week, instead of one chapter each week as heretofore. We believe that, by thus lengthening the separate instalments, the continuity and interest of the story will be strengthened.

Agitation for the return of Gandhi to full political leadership in India is increasing. The following significant resolution was passed at a recent conference:

> That in view of the policy behind the Royal Commission and the failure of the Congress representatives in Councils, Government Committees and local bodies that achieve any good for the people, this Conference is of opinion that there should be full non-co-operation with the Government and all these bodies must be vacated by such representatives and the country should accept the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi in carrying out the program.

What is the ethics in this business of rescuing lost flying-men? When Mrs. Grayson puts off across the wintry Atlantic, in the face of a northeast gale, and in defiance of the advice of the Weather Bureau, under what compulsion is the busy world to hunt for her when she is lost, or even to be much concerned about her fate?

Anti-Communist riots in Canton slaughtered between 2,000 and 3,000 "reds" in that Chinese city. We have searched the newspapers in vain for any expression of regret or indignation. But had even 2 or 3 Czarists been killed by "reds" in Moscow, the American press would have fallen into paroxysms of horror.

Chicago, we are told, is "90 per cent religious." This high percentage of church membership, says the Chicago Church Federation, "is not surpassed by any city of half a million or more people in the United States." This strikes us as a terrible discovery—one of the most awful revelations we have ever seen. Chicago "90 per cent religious"—and *look at her!* If this is what religion does for a city, we can only thank God that Chicago isn't 100 per cent religious, and that all other cities are well below her 90 per cent.

Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* ceased publication on December 26th last. Death is kind.

J. H. H.

From Mongolia to Russia

Trans-Siberian, October 3, 1927.—The 600 versts from Urga to the Trans-Siberian may be traveled in many ways; by horse and boat, by auto, by airplane. Borodin and Jack Chen went by airplane in a few hours, made a speech to a mass meeting of workers in the town of Verknhe-Udinsk and caught the Express for Moscow shortly after midnight. The rest of us came in slightly more than two days by auto.

Gone were the days when, on terrible Chinese roads, we made as low as two miles an hour, and were very lucky to average six miles. Now we jolted across an almost virgin land resembling the hills of Montana at a steady twenty miles an hour. Once, indeed, caught among mountains in a severe hailstorm, we found the descents muddy and difficult. The country, while still vast and lonely, was tamer than the Gobi. Trees appeared, and occasional road inns, and even a large farm or two in the valleys, owned by Chinese or Russians.

Milk, butter and eggs, and the boiling samovar made their appearance at some of these Russian wayside inns. Percy Chen, son of Eugene Chen, and raised in the West Indies, was especially delighted to see fresh milk again after a year in China in which it was not to be had. He consumed quarts of it. But the Russian inns were not plentiful enough to ensure us against some slight hardships. We spent the first night on the floor of raised platforms in a Buriat-Mongol house where the air was warm but the cockroaches plentiful.

Next noon we reached the frontier and saw from afar the white temples and churches of Altan Buloc, whose name translated means the Golden Key—a former Chinese trading post fronting the great empire of the north. Passing the Mongolian and Russian customs we slipped over a ridge and into our first Russian town, Troitska Savsk.

I had forgotten that Russia was so orderly, clean and civilized. In fact, if you had asked me, I should have said that these are precisely the things that Russia isn't. Many times as I crossed from Russianized Poland into Germanized Poland I realized how the Germans were the bearers of European order and culture into the great chaotic mass of Slavdom. But now here, crossing from Mongolia to Russia, I saw that the Russians in their turn were the bearers of that same order and culture to the tribes of the east. After Mongolia, everything Russian looked wonderfully settled and civilized.

In a backward look over Urga one must not forget that the Russians have made real contributions to the upbuilding of Mongolia in the past two or three years. Under Russian influence, the Mongolian National Government has introduced modern industry and has now a leather factory, a brick factory, a good electric power station, and a Mongolian Bank issuing a stable currency. The new Mongolian Cooperative has more than a hundred branches and does a business of fifteen million roubles yearly. Among the most striking of the contrasts of Urga are the encampments of Mongol yurtas dotting the plains side by side with a wireless station and an airdome.

These developments have not, of course, been pure philanthropy. In the border town of Troitska Savsk the great brick barracks show how in the Tsar's days this was a strategically important highway of his empire. But surely the great Medical Expedition which is just now visiting Mongolia from Moscow composed of dozens of doctors of qualification never before seen in this country, has about it a flavor different from the old expeditions of tsardom. It comes at the expense of the Russian Department of Health, to spend a year in fighting cattle diseases, syphilis and eye disease, the three plagues of the Mongols. There is also the Veterinary Institute, a Mongolian institution with Russian experts, which in many stations throughout the land is fighting cattle disease. All of which reminds us of the fact that the two vital nations today which have the missionary spirit of spreading help and their own form of culture to other lands are America and Russia.

Probably the best form of help which the Russians are giving to the Mongols lies in the establishment at their doors of the Mongol-Buriat Republic, one of the autonomous republics of the Soviet Union, where Buriat Mongols are for the first time learning modern self-government, joining trade unions and women's organizations and becoming a part of modern life. As we went through the country towards the Siberian Railway, we noticed the Russian and Buriat villages alternating, the Buriat village somber with shacks, relieved by a three story pagoda-shaped Buddhist temple; the Russian villages livelier, better built and painted and with the colored dome of a Russian Church.

We saw the signs of approaching civilization and realized what constitutes the difference between primitive nomad life and modern culture. The appearance of a fence—for safeguarding cattle; the first plowed fields, the first letter box indicating rural mail delivery, and suddenly, an astonishingly wide chaussee leading for the last two hundred versts to the Trans-Siberian. Along this chaussee, posts marked in kilometers presently made their appearance and we knew we had really come to the modern world.

Verkhne-Udinsk, which when last seen two years ago from the Trans-Siberian Express in passing, seemed like the last jumping-off place in the wilderness, now appeared a most charmingly civilized town with a bank where they changed American dollars to roubles, many stores, two hotels, a labor temple and a national government. It has also a daily newspaper.

I visited the Labor Temple and found some most energetic secretaries, some Russian, some Buriat. They told me that the population of the Buriat Republic is 58% Buriat and 42% Russian. When I expressed surprise that a special republic should be established with a population so evenly divided, they said that the Buriats had customs and culture so different that without a special governmental apparatus it was impossible properly to handle their educational and self-government problems. In the government apparatus, they assured me, Russians and Buriats were mixed in about the same proportion as in the population.

When I investigated the statistics of trade union membership, however, I saw the striking difference between the two nationalities. In the skilled manual trades there were practically no Buriats; none in the metal workers, one in the leather workers, three among the printers. A real Buriat membership existed in practically only three trade unions; agricultural work-

ers, teachers and government clerks. Industry as yet in the Buriat republic is so little developed that it is run entirely by imported Russian labor.

I was enthusiastically urged to stay over and meet the President, and also see the Secretary of the Party Committee, a Buriat woman of unusual attainments, and the troupe of Ukrainian dancers and artists who were performing in the Trade Union Theater that evening. I left with real regret what has not yet left me. It would have been worth while to study this experiment in teaching self government to a backward people.

First stop—Irkutsk, after a night's ride in a comfortable compartment train. A big station with no less than twenty Russian newspapers for sale and some foreign papers, three or four from Germany and *L'Humanite* from France. Across the street an extremely neat little food shop, announcing itself as No. 85 (or thereabouts) branch of the United Workers Cooperative of Irkutsk. Clean shelves of spruce little cans, more and more cans, package goods of all varieties. The first time I have seen such a neat, efficient store since last April, when I left the chain-store groceries of the United States.

Siberia, in fact, is more like Western United States than any other place in the world. It has the same boosting spirit, the same brag of its future. One by one local Siberians enter and leave our compartment on the train and as we engage in talk with each, we marvel how fast Russia is getting organized. Here a man arrives from a station in the midst of the forests; we learn from him that the locality exports furs to Moscow. There is a Hunters Association, which obtains gunpowder and guns at reduced rates from the government and sells cooperatively to the government trading organizations. Anyone may join who has general citizens' rights and can prove skill as a hunter.

Another man tells us that Siberia last year produced over one hundred million pounds of butter. He is studying the time table and planning his next summer's vacation trip to Tashkent, Samarcand, the Caspian and the Caucasus, as an American plans a trip to California. His job is preparing wood for the new railroad which is being built to connect Siberia and Turkestan, much the same as if in America the only roads existing were the Southern and Northern Pacific, and a new line was being built from New Orleans to Minneapolis. The new railroad means exchanging Turkestan cotton for Siberian wheat and lumber. It has been three years building and will be done in another three years.

"And then on towards Ningsia" cries one of our party, and I think back over the long desert trip we took since we left Ningsia in China, and realize that Russian railroads will soon push on behind those deserts, through Chinese Turkestan into Kansu and on to Peking. I think also of the vast contrast between the incessant strife in China today and the peaceful, energetic constructive spirit here in Russia.

Two other men enter—trade union organizers in Transport Workers Union, back from a conference in the center of this railroad division, where four hundred men have just been fired.

Seasonal work here in Siberia (explains one to me), loading harvest and repairing the road. These things can't be done in the winter. Of 3,000 men employed in such work over this division, 400 are let off on the first of October. It seems a lot to our union—but most of them are only partly workers and partly peasants, with village connections.

Do these unemployed get insurance? (I asked). Oh, yes, from 8 to 14 roubles a month for a single man and 15% more for each dependent. That's from the Social Insurance. In addition he gets 10 roubles a month from his union if he has been a member for a year, and 15 roubles if he has been a member for six years. It's enough to keep you from being hungry here in Siberia, and you get municipal services, such as public baths and light free. We transport workers get also free transport on trains to any place where there are jobs.

"How about other workers?"

They don't get free passes on the railroad, but if there are jobs heard of elsewhere, their union buys a railroad ticket for them at a 50% reduction from the Government Railways.

The transport this gives to the jobless worker is far above anything the United States offers in comfort and cheapness. Members of our own party are crossing from Mongolia to Moscow, a seven days' journey, for $28 with third class reserved sleeping place. The union ticket for jobless men is half this price for the same accommodation. I myself am paying $44 for a ticket to Moscow with many stop-over privileges and "soft sleeping berth" all the way. It is, I think, the cheapest passenger accommodation in the world.

The kind of people on this train are also worth noting. There is no silk dress anywhere to be seen; neither are there any rags. There are long warm coats of little style, but much comfort and durability; there are leather coats lined with fur; there are high leather boots of strong, well-fitting cut, and rubbers more enduring and less modish than any American make. It is a train of workers, of well-fed, comfortably clothed workers, talking about building railroads and factories, about butter production and fur associations. Not one of them, however, has told any story of any individual profit or smart deal "put over." They have bragged instead of the new brick factory going up and of the fact that "you see this cross-roads out of the window. In five years it will be a town" . . That's Siberia! And when they say this, they are never thinking of real estate values. For there aren't any, where the government owns the land.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.*

*See note "Dr. Strong's lecture on America," page 291.

A NEW LIFE ARISES

Slowly out of the ruins of the past—like a young fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter—
Out of the litter of a decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken-down creeds, customs, ideals,
Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and fear—
Out of the cant of commerce, the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation;
The despair and unbelief possessing all society—rich and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike;
All feel the terrible pressure and tension of the modern problem,
Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world,
Lo! even so,
I see a new life arise.

—*Edward Carpenter.*

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XVI AND XVII

The Black Plague—II

The Town Clerk expressed his gratefulness to me for having taken charge of the vacant house and the patients, and frankly confessed that the Town Council had no immediate means to cope with such an emergency but that they would render all the help in their power. Once awakened to a sense of its duty, the Municipality made no delay in taking prompt measures.

The next day they placed a vacant godown at my disposal, and suggested that the patients be removed there, but the Municipality did not undertake to clean the premises. The building was unkempt and unclean. We cleaned it up ourselves, raised a few beds and other necessaries through the offices of charitable Indians, and improvised a temporary hospital. The Municipality lent the services of a nurse, who came with brandy and other hospital equipments. Dr. Godfrey still remained in charge.

The nurse was a kindly lady and would fain have attended to the patients, but we rarely allowed her to touch the patients, lest she should catch the contagion.

We had instructions to give the patients frequent doses of brandy. The nurse would even ask us to take it for precaution, just as she did herself. But none of us would touch it. I had no faith even in its beneficial effect for the patients. With the permission of Dr. Godfrey, I put three patients who were prepared to do without brandy under the earth treatment, applying wet earth bandages to their heads and chests. Two of these were saved. Twenty died whilst still in the godown.

Meanwhile the Municipality was busy taking other measures. There was a lazaretto for contagious diseases about seven miles from Johannesburg. The three surviving patients were removed to tents near the lazaretto, and arrangements were made to send fresh cases also there. We were thus relieved from our work.

In the course of a few days we learnt that the good nurse had had an attack and immediately succumbed. It is impossible to say how the two patients were saved and we remained immune, but the experience enhanced my faith in earth treatment as also my diffidence in the efficacy of brandy even as a medicine. I know that neither this faith nor the diffidence are based upon any solid grounds, but I cannot efface the impression which I then formed, and which I still retain, and have therefore thought it necessary to take note of it here.

On the outbreak of the plague, I had addressed a strong letter to the press holding the Municipality responsible for the negligence after the location came into its possession and for the outbreak of the plague itself. This letter secured me Mr. Henry Polak, and was partly responsible for the friendship of the late Rev. Joseph Doke.

I have said in the earlier chapter, that I used to have my meals at a vegetarian restaurant. Here I met Mr. Albert West. We used to meet here every evening and go out walking after dinner. Mr. West was a partner in a small printing press. He read my letter in the press about the outbreak of the plague, and not finding me in the restaurant felt uneasy.

My co-workers and I had reduced our diet since the outbreak, as I had long made it a rule to go on a light diet during epidemics. I had therefore given up my evening dinner these days. Lunch also I would finish before the other guests arrived. I knew the proprietor of the restaurant very well, and I had informed him that as I was engaged in nursing the plague patients I wanted to avoid the contact of friends as much as possible.

Not finding me in the restaurant, for a day or two, Mr. West knocked at my door one early morning just as I was getting ready to go out for a walk. As I opened the door Mr. West said: "I did not find you in the restaurant and was really afraid lest something might have happened to you. So I decided to come and see you in the morning in order to make sure of finding you at home. Well, here I am at your disposal. I am ready to help you in nursing the patients. You know that I have no one depending upon me."

I expressed my gratefulness, and answered without taking even a second to think: "I will not have you as a nurse. If there are no more cases, we should be free in a day or two. There is one thing, however."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Could you take charge of the *Indian Opinion* Press at Durban? Mr. Madanjit is likely to be engaged here, and someone is needed there. If you could go, I should feel quite relieved on that score."

"You know that I have a press. Most probably I will go, but may I give my final reply in the evening? We shall talk it over during our evening walk."

I was delighted. We had the talk. He agreed to go. Salary was no consideration to him, as money was not his motive. But a salary of £10 per month and a part of the profit, if any, was fixed up. The very next day Mr. West left for Durban by the evening mail, entrusting me with the recovery of his dues. From that day until the time I left the shores of South Africa he remained a partner of my joys and sorrows.

Mr. West belonged to a peasant family in Louth (Lincolnshire), had had an ordinary school education, but had learnt a good deal in the school of experience and by dint of self-help. I have always known him to be a pure, sober, God-fearing, humane Englishman.

We shall know more about him and his family in the chapters to follow.

Location in Flames

Though my co-workers and I were relieved of the charge of patients, there were many things arising out of the black plague still to be disposed of.

I have dealt with the negligence of the Municipality about the location. But it was wide awake so far as the health of its white citizens was concerned. It had spent large amounts for the preservation of the health of its white citizens, and now it poured money like water for scotching the plague. In spite of the

many sins of omission and commission against the Indians that I laid at the door of the Municipality, I could not help commending its solicitude for the white citizens and I rendered it as much help as I could in its laudable efforts. I have an impression that if I had withheld my co-operation, the task would have been more difficult for the Municipality, and it would not have hesitated to use armed force and to do its worst.

But all that was averted. The Municipal authorities were pleased over the Indians' behaviour and much of the future work regarding plague measures was simplified. I used all the influence I could command with the Indians to make them submit to the requirements of the Municipality. It was far from easy for the Indians to go all that length, but I do not remember any one having resisted my advice.

The location was put under a strong guard; passage in and out being made impossible without permission. My co-workers and I had free permits of entry and exit. The object was to make all the location population vacate it and live under canvas for three weeks in an open plain about thirteen miles from Johannesburg and then to set fire to the location. The settling down under canvas with provisions and other necessaries was bound to take some time, and a guard became necessary during the interval.

The people were in an awful fright, but my constant presence was a consolation to them. Many of the poor people used to hoard their scanty savings underground. This had to be unearthed. They had no bank, they knew none. I became their bank. Streams of money poured into my office. I could not possibly charge any fees for my labors in such a crisis. I coped with the work somehow. I knew my bank manager very well. I told him that I would have to deposit with him these moneys. The banks were by no means anxious to accept large amounts of copper and silver. There was also the fear of bank clerks refusing to touch money coming from a plague-affected area. But the manager accommodated me in every way. It was decided to disinfect all the money before sending it to the bank. Nearly sixty thousand pounds were thus deposited, so far as I can remember. I advised such of them as had enough money to place it as fixed deposit, and they accepted the advice. The result was some people became thus accustomed to invest their money in banks.

The location residents were removed by special train to Klipsproot Farm near Johannesburg where they were supplied with provisions by the Municipality at its expense. This city under canvas looked like a military camp. The people who were unaccustomed to this camp life were distressed and astonished over the arrangements, but they had not to put up with any particular inconvenience. I used to cycle to them once every day. Three weeks' stay in the open air evidently improved their health. Within twenty-four hours of their stay they forgot all their misery and began to live merrily. Whenever I went there I found them enjoying themselves with song and mirth.

So far as I recollect the location was put to the flames on the very next day of its evacuation. The Municipality showed not the slightest inclination to save anything from the conflagration. About this very time, and for the same reason, the Municipality had burnt down all its timber in the market, and incurred a loss of about ten thousand pounds. The reason for this drastic step was the discovery of some dead rats in the market.

The Municipality had to go in for heavy expenditure, but it successfully arrested the further progress of the plague, and the city breathed freely once more.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai)

The Idea of God

In all ages and climes there have been lives made beautiful, great, sweet, by devotion to the general good, to the cause of justice and enlightenment. Some of these finer spirits are deeply reverent to the idea of God and act under the force of unshakable belief; others are sincerely atheistic to the end and find their strength and better self-expression in what they think is truth and knowledge. The fact that it is so indicates, first of all, "an attribute of humanity." Whether it does indicate an attribute of God, which may well "be the same thing," is not so very important. What seems to be more important to know is the fact that beautiful lives of every description, no matter what their belief, are treated by God, whatever that may or may not be, in equal measure of goodness, in equal measure of happiness and serenity of life. Also, there is no apparent sparing or discrimination when these pure, well-balanced minds happen to be in an area of devastation; they are valued just as much in the flesh as the lowest of the scum.

"Names alone do not yield knowledge." And because the human mind can neither comprehend Infinity nor understand the workings of the cosmic or infinite intelligence, it seems somewhat absurd, though very human, to use words that have no exact meaning, relativity considered. And because the name of God has been made a thing of extreme ridicule by most religionists, past and present, it might be a good thing, for the scientific minds of today, to discard an old name that does not correspond to any known physical reality, and rather seem to do injustice toward the fair "Goddess" Electron, now coming of age and doing her best to shine every day more and more brightly. This is no scientific language. Figurative and a bit poetical rather.

Truly, we must use the human language, very imperfect, crude. No known terms can tell our finest thoughts. At least we can try to use terms that correspond to realities as we see them or learn about by means of extra-sensitive instruments. For instance: we can see the side-lines of a tape-measure; we cannot sense the "side-lines of eternity," no more than we can feel, or even conceive the border-lines of Infinity.

A. LAFORGE.

Suppose Germany Ruled England

Have Englishmen, who are willing to force their rule upon India, asked themselves how they would like to have another nation, say Germany or France, rule them? though Germans or Frenchmen, because they are so near England and know so much about her, could of course rule her much better than she can possibly rule a land so far away and so strange and unknown as India. Fortunately we have a picture drawn for us, and by an eminent English publicist and author, of just what rule of England by a foreign nation would mean to the English people.

Some years ago, Mr. H. W. Nevinson contributed an article to the *North American Review,* entitled "Under the Yoke," in which he imagines England to have been conquered by Germany (as India by England), and then draws a picture of Germany ruling England (exactly as England rules India). He does not mention India, but everyone who knows India can see what he has in mind. Here is Mr. Nevinson's picture:

> England would be divided into four sections under German governor-generals and there would be German governor-generals in Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Germans would be appointed as district commissioners to collect revenue, try cases and control the police. A Council of Germans, with a proportion of nominated British lords and squires, would legislate for each province.
>
> A German viceroy, surrounded by a council in which the majority was always German and the chief offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and so forth, were aways filled by Germans, would hold a Court at Windsor and Buckingham Palace. The English would have to undertake the support of Lutheran churches for the spiritual consolation of their rulers. London and the other cities would be given German Lord Mayors. German would be the official language of the country, though interpreters might be allowed in the law courts. Public examinations would be conducted in German, and all candidates for the highest civilian posts would have to go to Germany to be educated.
>
> The leading newspapers would be published in German and a strict censorship established over the *Times* and other rebellious organs. Criticism of the German Government would be prosecuted as sedition. English papers would be confiscated, English editors heavily fined or imprisoned, English speakers deported to the Orkneys without trial or cause shown. Writers on liberty, such as Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Burke, Mill and Lord Morley, would be forbidden. The works of even German authors like Schiller, Heine and Karl Marx would be prohibited.
>
> On the railways English gentlemen and ladies would be expected to travel second or third class, or if they traveled first, they would be exposed to German insolence and would probably be turned out by some German official. Public buildings would be erected in the German style. English manufactures and all industries would be hampered by an elaborate system of excise which would flood the English markets with German goods. Such art as England possesses would disappear.
>
> Arms would be prohibited. The common people, especially in Scotland and northwest provinces, would be encouraged to recruit in the native army under the command of German officers; no British officer would be allowed to rise above the rank of lieutenant—all commissions being reserved for Germans. The Boy Scouts would be declared seditious associations. If a party of German officers went fox-shooting in Leicestershire and the villagers resisted the slaughter of the sacred animal, some of the leading villagers would be hanged and others flogged during the execution. The national anthem would begin: "God save our German king! Long live our foreign king!" The singing of "Rule Britannia," would be regarded as a seditious act.
>
> The Germans would abolish Eton, Harrow and other public schools, together with the college buidings of Oxford and Cambridge, converting them into barracks, while the students would find their own lodgings in the towns and all stand on far greater equality in regard to wealth.
>
> German is not a very beautiful language, but it has a literature, and the English people would have the advantage of being compelled to speak and write German in all their dealings with the Government, and they would learn something of German literature and history. They would also learn to eat black bread, which is much more wholesome than white. All the English would, of course, be compelled to contribute heavily to the defense of the German Empire, and would pay the expenses of the large German garrisons quartered in their midst and of the German cruisers, that patrolled their shores.

This and much more.

As has already been stated, Mr. Nevinson does not actually mention India; but no one who knows the Indian situation can fail to see that he has British rule there in mind in every sentence. Indeed the ideas and aims which he attributes to the Germans in conquering England, their feeling of superiority over the English (the "natives"), their methods of governing the country so as to make it serve best their German ends, their plans for preventing sedition and dangerous political discussion, their method of military control of the nation, so as to guard against revolt or danger from other nations, all remind us exactly of India. The article might almost be printed word for word as a well-informed description of British rule in India, with the single change of substituting Indian names for English.

Here we have in all its nakedness not only what it *would* mean for *England* to be ruled by *Germany,* but essentially what it *actually does* mean for great, historic, civilized *India* to be ruled by *England*—not only the injustice of it, but the humiliation, the shame, the insult of it to the Indian people; and, on the part of the English, the colossal egotism and the intolerable arrogance of their setting themselves up to rule and lord it over any nation, but especially a nation like India with a civilization the oldest in the world and with the culture of more than three thousand years in its very blood.

The important fact suggested at the beginning, should not for a moment be overlooked, that in the very nature of the case, the Germans can rule England very much better than it is possible for the English to rule India, because Germany is near England and the two nations are closely related in race, in language, in culture, in religion, in political concepts, in history, in practically everythng, whereas the very opposite is true regarding England and India.

If then the English recoil with wrath and horror from the idea that the Germans have a right to rule England, or could rule it well, how dare they claim for a moment that they have a right to rule, or can rule otherwise than ignorantly, blunderingly and with seriously evil results, a great far-off nation like India, which differs from them in race, in color, in language, in ideals, in institutions, in history, in traditions, in religion, in its entire civilization?

Are there any so blind as those who will not see?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Study Table

Japan Again

Dr. Scherer has already written three books on Japan. In introducing his new book, "The Romance of Japan,"[1] he says: "I wish it to supersede my other books, 'Japan Today,' 'Young Japan,' and 'The Japanese Crisis,' written a long time ago." He has long been interested in the country. A young man, just out of college, he went to Japan in 1892 to teach in government schools. At the end of five years he returned to this country, settling in California, where the agitation over immigration kept his interest alive. In 1923 and 1924 he went again to the Orient, in order to see what changes had taken place and to make a study of Buddhism in its various movements from India, its birthplace, to Japan, where it has made its fullest flowering. Since his return he has lectured, written, and edited, on things Japanese. He has then been making preparation for the writing of this book through a period of thirty-five years. It is an unfortunate fact that the history of Japan is usually dry and uninteresting to the foreigner. We are ignorant of the geography; we are unacquainted with the social and cultural background; we are repelled by the strangeness of names of places and actors. Writers rarely bring out clearly the trend of events, showing that real relations underlie the events and carry them on to definite ends. There are indeed some useful histories of Japan, even in English. Brinkley's "History of the Japanese People" is invaluable; Murdock and Yamagata's great three-volume work is not only a monument of scholarship, it is interesting reading. Both works are beyond the desires and needs of the generality of readers. The others, briefer and more convenient for ready reference, are most of them drier than dust and arouse neither interest nor enthusiasm. Scherer's book is a history, covering the entire sweep of events from the Nara period to the present time. It is a series of sketches, but sketches with connection. It seeks the picturesque, the high points, the romantic episodes. It aims to present them vividly and with literary effect. It emphasizes the place, the actor, the deed—flashing them onto the screen, so to speak. The book presents the "seven ages of Japan" —the first transformation, Buddhist culture, camp government, estheticism and decay, individualism and reform, isolation, the second transformation. It emphasizes the "key cities," bringing Nara, Kyoto, Kamakura, Osaka, Nagasaki, Tokyo, Nikko, Yokohama and Shimonoseki sharply into prominence in connection with their ages. It will be seen that the book is out of the ordinary run.

No one is better qualified to write "A Wayfarer in Japan"[2] than the Rev. Walter Weston. He knows Japan and he knows it as a wayfarer. He has been in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. He knows the language of the people. He is a famous mountaineer and his earlier book, "Mountaineering in the Japanese Alps," has not only made foreigners acquainted with those lovely mountains, but has stimulated "Alpine" interest in the Japanese themselves. Under these circumstances, we confess to disappointment in his new book. It would be a good enough book from the usual travel writer's standpoint; it is not what we might expect from Mr. Weston. It is plainly written to order, as a number of the Wayfarer Series, but it has no other real reason for being. The author was not driven to write it by an inner urge. So much said, we find in it passages of interest and vitality. The description of cormorant-fishing at Gifu is Mr. Weston at his best. When again among his Alps, as in the ascent of Ontake, he is at high level. Looking up his old notebooks and reviewing his personal memories of the Gifu earthquake of 1891, his chapter on it is fine. Apparently this recalling of the past was due to the great disaster of 1923. He was not present in it, but his final chapter discusses it pretty well, piecing out with the experiences of others. A considerable part of the book deals with the Nakasendo, or back mountain road from Tokyo to Kyoto and with the southern island of Kyushu—neither of them well known districts. The book is pleasantly written and touches upon many things outside of the common experience.

Dr. Faust his lived in Japan for twenty-five years; during more than half the time he has been president of a Christian school for girls. Dr. Lampe in the preface he has written for "The New Japanese Womanhood"[3] says that the school is "one of the largest and possibly the very best educational institution for women north of Tokyo." The book is a mission book and has the mission view of what constitutes progress and advancement. To those desiring that kind of information, the book will be welcome and useful. A wide range of topics is covered—the old ideal, the new education, the woman's position in the family, her role in industry, arts, politics and society, her legal status, her aspirations, "tragical consequences." A final chapter sketches the new Japanese woman. The material is interesting. Dr. Faust's work has been devoted and successful. He has his ideals for the Japanese woman and has devoted the best years of his life to helping their achievement. Notwithstanding his quarter of a century in the country, in close contact with the people, his sketching of background shows a curious looseness of knowledge of Japanese conditions and history. It is unfortunate, because most of those who will read his book are entirely ignorant of those subjects. What we mean is illustrated by such a passage as—"They point with pride to the Empress Jingo, who was not only a great ruler but also the famous conqueror of Korea." Perhaps there *was* an Empress Jingo, but the statement as made is likely to give a false impression.

No writer on colonial affairs is considered a better authority for the layman to read than Alleyne Ireland. He has written much, and on the whole well, on colonies and colonial administration. He is now out with a book on the Japanese administrative system in Korea. He claims distinction for his work as dealing with "the rare spectacle of one civilized race ruling another civilized race." It is not easy to see just what this means. How about the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, or the Tyrol of today, or the recent Finland? The rarity of the phenomenon fails to strike us. Mr. Ireland recognizes that a consideration of "the question of Korea" lies outside his province and says that he will not dis-

1. The Romance of Japan, J. A. B. Scherer. New York: 1926. George H. Doran Co. 8°, pp. viii. 326.
2. A Wayfarer in Unfamiliar Japan, Walter Weston. Boston and New York: 1926. Houghton Mifflin Co. 16° pp. xi. 207.
3. The New Japanese Womanhood, Allen K. Faust. New York: 1926. George W. Doran Co. 16° pp. 164.
4. The New Korea, Alleyne Ireland. New York: 1926. E. P. Dutton & Co. 8° pp. xii. 354.

cuss it. He is right, and therefore it is a pity that he touches it, even incidentally, in his introduction. He there paints the advantages of being dependent so alluringly that we should almost expect Great Britain and the United States to beg some other nation to take them under protection, to administer them wisely for their own good and happiness. Our author's own ideas regarding Korea and Japan are summed up in the statement:

> I have formed the opinion that Korea is today infinitely better governed than it ever was under its own native rulers, that it is better governed than most self-governing countries, that it is as well governed as any of the British, American, French, Dutch, and Portuguese dependencies which I have visited, and is better governed than most of them, having in view as well the cultural and economic development of the people as the technique of administration.

Personally, I feel that Japan's taking over of Korea was inevitable in view of the conditions that existed. Having taken Korea, I am glad that she has administered it as well as she has. I would do more than praise Baron Saito's administration. It has been admirable and conditions have greatly improved under it. But, though it has for some time been the fashion to criticize and decry all that has gone before, I insist that Korea owes much to General Terauchi. He was militaristic and severe, but he was honest and strove to be just. At the time when he was Governor-General, he was surely the right man for the place. Ireland's book is a handy manual that adequately covers its field. One hardly sees why he had to go to Korea to write it. It is almost completely made up from the Annual Reports of the government-general (especially that of 1922-1923) pieced out with material from other governmental or semi-governmental publications that are gratuitously supplied those who are supposed to be interested. It is true that our author refers to his access to and use of "official material which has not hitherto been accessible in English." He gives small evidence of having used such material and we cannot see that it has notably helped his book. The book is full of useful information and it will reach many readers, who may not know that they could get the same matter free, if they knew where to apply for it. It then has a *raison d'etre* and will be welcome.

FREDERICK STARR.

A Book on Eugenics

A masterly work, the best of its kind for the year, is "Being Well Born."* This work deals very broadly with the basal facts of Eugenics, aptly defined as being well born, as associated with and distinct from Euthenics, being well brought up. The one is the inherited basis on which the other may be built, the effect of Euthenics being, so far as we know, never hereditary. The truths already won through persistent research are of vital importance to the individual man as well as to society. In a sound education these should be as accessible and as familiar as the multiplication table.

Guyer's illuminating treatise covers not only the elements of Eugenics, but ranges broadly over all related biological problems each one treated wisely and lucidly. Among the many experiments which bear on these matters some have seemed to disagree in the lessons they teach. These Dr. Guyer treats with caution and fairness, realizing that while throughout nature like causes produce like effects, there is often room for error in our investigations due to the fact that the causes which seem to produce unlike effects are not really as nearly the same as they appear.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*By Michael F. Guyer, Professor of Zoology in the University of Wisconsin.

Correspondence

A Letter from Gandhi

Dear Friend:

The incessant traveling which I have been going through has prevented my acknowledging earlier your letter and kind gift for flood relief. . . . Your effort has touched me deeply.

I have now your second letter and two further checks, one in answer to the general appeal and the other for the UNITY appeal.

I am thankful to be able to tell you that the Ashram did not suffer much. Your generous gifts are therefore being used for general relief.

M. K. GANDHI.

November 29, 1927.

False Standards of Courage

Editor of UNITY:

There is a growing tendency in this country to laud brutality and brute strength and to placard recklessness and cunning as courage. The very essence of courage is being belittled to satisfy the demands for bravado and "showing off." Courage is one of the highest virtues and one of the noblest qualities in a man or a woman; but the so-called courage of the cowboy who bulldogs steers at western rodeos and who risks his life to satisfy a mob's thirst for thrills and stunts, is very often being confused with the real form of courage.

Real courage always benefits others. The physician who gives his life experimenting with new cures for diseases, the captain who keeps his head in the face of a disaster, the miners who go down in mines filled with fumes to save their entombed comrades, all show real courage, because they stake their life on what they believe is the right thing to do. Any person who puts his life at stake for an idea or a principle which he thinks is right is courageous.

Without courage there would be no progress. The path of progress is literally wetted with the blood of the courageous. Mere devotion to routine and schedule does not necessarily make for progress. Progress demands the highest human qualities and there is a tendency evident to cover this fact with over-laudation of the brutal, the reckless and the cunning. There is a tendency to falsify the standards of courage. It is not courageous to catch wild animals in steel-traps, nor is it a sign of courage to kick and beat and bite wild horses in a western rodeo-show or twist and turn the neck of the steers who are driven to frenzy by a mob of lordly cowboys in these rodeos.

The encouragement of brutality breeds brutality. The older people who approve of brutal sports make the younger people believe that brutality and bestiality, recklessness and cunning are the proper things and that it is fine and courageous to kick and beat the weaker ones and disregard the old and the frail. The tendency to condone callousness is apparent on all sides. The entrance of the automobile in modern life has had a tendency to underestimate the value of human life and the value of animal life. How many motorists care when they have injured an innocent animal? How many motorists stop to kill an animal they have left writhing on the road? Is not the number of hit-and-run drivers increasing? The automobile has increased man's speed; but it has also increased rather than decreased his callousness. Perfectly "good" people driving in perfectly "adorable" limousines think nothing of murdering or mutilating dogs, cats, chickens or turkeys, who have not yet learned the dangers of the mania of speed for speed's sake, which has beset our age. It is not a sign of courage to leave a trail of blood behind one on the road to satisfy the

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

DR. STRONG TO LECTURE IN AMERICA

The Soviet Government Publishing House is now issuing two books by Dr. Anna Louise Strong, "China Aflame" and "From Hankow to Moscow With Borodin's Caravan," later to appear in America. Miss Strong will shortly lecture in this country and will be available in Chicago from February 19 to 29. On the 24th she will speak for the Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum. For engagements address the Open Forum Speakers' Bureau, 315 Plymouth Court, Chicago.—Ed.

GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY A REVIEW

[A first volume of Gandhi's Autobiography has been published in India. The following is a review of the volume which appeared in a recent issue of the Manchester *Guardian* in England.—Ed.]

This, the first volume of Mr. Gandhi's life, covering his childhood, marriage and education in Kathiawar, the most mediaeval region in India, his experiences as a shy and diffident student in England, where he went to be called to the Bar, his early professional scruples, failures and difficulties in India, his first and second visit to South Africa, and the treatment accorded to him there. The book is not a great book, but from many points of view it is of extraordinary interest. The early chapters give us what we rarely get, a realistic sketch of Indian family life; the later chapters throw much light on the position of the Indian community in South Africa, and, besides, we get curious glimpses of the political world in India itself about the year 1900. But, of course, most of those who read the book will do so to gain an insight into Mr. Gandhi's personality. If any are disappointed it will not be because the book lacks candor. Never was an autobiography less careful to conceal what was weak or lacking in the author. Mr. Gandhi is not a great intellectual force. Having been born a Hindu, he was brought up to the Pantheistic view of the world, which compels men to look a little below the surface. But he never goes very deep, and besides he is color-blind to many aspects of life, and what he does not understand he ignores without regret or anxiety. He regards himself as a seeker after truth, and the search has given him a wholesome contempt for convention and authority, but beyond that it has not carried him very far. He puts his trust in an inner voice, but the world has a right to doubt the infallibility of that guide. His claim to greatness rests on the fact that more effectually than any man living he has preached and practiced in public and in private life the great virtues, truthfulness, courage and "ahimsa," which last is scarcely distinguishable from Christian charity. In his book, as in life, Mr. Gandhi lays great stress on asceticism, which he values as a method leading to a knowledge of the truth. This may repel Western readers, but they will be won back by the man's simplicity, humility and friendliness, by that love of independence which impelled this Hindu saint to learn to cut his own hair and to starch his own collars, and by that love of cleanliness which impelled this Hindu politician to take a broom and sweep out the Congress latrine. There was nothing metaphorical about this last exploit.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PROTECTION OF FOREIGN-BORN WORKERS

(A Non-political, Non-sectarian Organization)

Purpose

1. Opposition to anti-foreign-born legislation.
2. Promoting naturalization among the eight million unnaturalized residents.

Some Accomplishments of the National Council for Protection of Foreign-born Workers During the Past Twelve Months

1. We organized Councils for the Protection of Foreign-born Workers in various industrial communities where the foreign-born population is most concentrated.
2. Our organizers and speakers addressed several hundred meetings with audiences ranging from 150 to 1,500.
3. Our publicity department supplied to all English and foreign language newspapers news on the subject of anti-foreign-born legislation and on our naturalization activities.
4. We sent 75,000 letters to fraternal societies and labor organizations and 35,000 to individuals, placing before them information on the pending anti-foreign-born legislation.
5. We distributed free of charge several thousand copies of the anti-foreign-born bills.
6. We distributed 1,200,000 copies of a synopsis of a registration bill, H. R. 5583. This was printed in twelve languages.
7. We maintained a Bureau at Washington during the Congressional

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hand on the speedometer, nor is it a sign of courage to have broken off the horns on innocent steers in a rodeo-show. Neither is it a laudable affair to have caught a bear in a steel-trap, leaving the bear to suffer and starve in the cold for days. Somebody may think such deeds courageous; but if they are not branded as the very opposite of courage really courageous deeds have a hard time in getting the publicity they deserve. The children should be impressed with the proper standards of courage at an early age. Otherwise they will accept camouflaged courage in its place, and brutality will be riding in the saddle swinging the stolen banner of COURAGE.

PETER GULDBRANDSEN

From a Far-Distant Friend

Editor of UNITY:

Sitting here on a rock (lava rock, in the sea), my address in lower left hand corner does not look funny.

This is written from a little settlement of three men. In Tahiti, not in a boat! We go totally nude; are propertyless; live as simply as we dare. And happy enough! Betwixt mountain and sea, in a rugged cocoanut grove. No one else will live here—no bread, coffee, sugar. No road. Path "difficile"—this is French territory.

And this is paper from China. And written by a former New York City printer.

One of us is about fifty-four. A deep student of philosophical anarchism. Came about four years ago with about fifteen dollars and has used perhaps half of this for postage and things. Food only self-obtained as one of first principles in life.

Our eldest member holds UNITY as by all means the best American publication he has even seen or read. Broad and steadfast. In principle above my lava rock!

"Our" other member is also French, about thirty-five. Not finely educated, but supreme in spirit. Bold and daring, yet mild. A temperament necessary and perhaps inherited from his father—a mechanic, yet lover of out-of-doors, vagabonding. He made the canoe.

After exhausting pioneering in the mountains and sea, we rest. And have concluded tropics is best for man. And Buddha, Christ, and all the nobler men were right in their conclusions. No names are in this letter because this life is not being lived for ostentation. It is life. And the address is good.

Surely some subscriber has a mass of old issues—let him send them in exchange for this new character of letter. And refreshing viewpoint of life.

Let him request more of us for exchange of his older issues.

Can it be done?

I thank you.

NATURA.

Chez Pepe
á Vaioaa far Tautira
Papeete, Tahiti, Oceanié

Thanks!

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed is my check for renewal of my subscription to the advocate of the greatest of religious ideals, UNITY. I am now located on a little farm among the hills of southern Nebraska rather isolated, and find the visits of UNITY most welcome.

H. H. HESTER.

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

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sessions to watch closely the operation of the National Legislature in all matters that concern anti-foreign-born legislation.

8. We established a number of Naturalization Aid Bureaus as well as classes in History, English and Civics to assist foreign-born in attaining citizenship. We conducted lectures in the necessary languages on the importance of naturalization.

9. We aided thousands of foreign-born to attain citizenship.

Our Program for 1928

1. To increase and improve the activities of the existing regional Councils and to organize more Councils.
2. To put a publicity expert in charge of our news service.
3. To issue a regular bulletin of information for wide circulation by the local, county and state councils.
4. To publish a monthly magazine —"The Foreign-born Worker."
5. To publish a statistical pamphlet.
6. To continue the maintenance of a Bureau at Washington.
7. To increase our naturalization aid activity.

Join the Council for Protection of Foreign-born Workers

Sustaining membership	$ 1.00
Supporting membership	5.00
Contributing membership	10.00
Life membership	50.00
Endowed membership	100.00

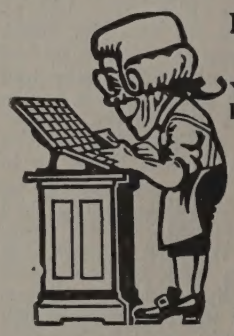
Will you help maintain the work of the National Council for Protection of Foreign-born Workers? Room 817, 41 Union Square, New York City.

For the New Year

Are you sheltered, curled up and content by your world's warm fire?
Then I say that your soul is in danger,
The sons of the light, they are down with God in the mire,
God in the manger.

Then rouse from your perilous ease; to your sword and your shield!
Your ease is the ease of the cattle!
Hark! The bugles are calling, "Out! Out! to some field—
Out to some battle."

The Christian. —*Edwin Markham.*



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